Sweet Nancy.

A new Song.

Written and ſung by Mr. Middleton.

Tune—*The Pilgrim.*

(Sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-lane.)

MY theme is pretty Nancy,
A girl unto my fancy,
She ſuits my taſte to a tenzy,
She's every way ſo neat;
But a ſpan round is her waſte, ſirs,
She walks wito ſuch a grace, ſirs,
And has ſuch an angel's face, ſirs,
Sweet Nancy of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

So neat in her attire,
The youths do her admire,
She ſets my ſoul on fire
Every time we meet;
When ſhe attempts to ſing, ſirs,
She makes the air to ring, ſirs,
Like the nighingales in ſpring, ſirs,
Sweet Nancy of Leadenhall ſtreet.

She was courted by a barber,
No thoughts of him could ſhe harbour,
Though he had put on his beſt garb, ſir,
To court this girl ſo neat;
And next ſhe was woo'd by a taylor,
Who thought the devil ail'd her,
Becauſe in love he fail'd, ſir,
With Nancy in Leadenhall-ſtreet.

And next by a ſpittal weaver,
Who very ſorely did grieve, ſir,
For in wooing he could get no relief, ſir,
Of him no more I'll repeat;
And next there came a parſon,
Who thought by preaching to graſp on,
But ſuch a ſubject would not laſt long
With Nancy of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

Laſt of all came a Britiſh ſoldier,
No youth did e'er look bolder,
And when his tale he had told, ſir,
This anſwer ſhe did repeat,
I value a ſoldier, tis true, ſir,
And ſailor's, who're lads of true blue, ſir,
Sweet Robin I muſt preſer to you, ſir,
Says Nancy of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

Now in Hymen's bands united,
My vows ſhe has requited,
With her perſon I'm delighted,
Her perſon is ſo ſweet;
She never denies what I aſk, ſir,
If ever ſo difficult the taſk, ſir,
I can enjoy a friend and a flaſk, ſir,
With Nancy of Leadenhall-ſtreet.